[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 39.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

FOR SEPTEMBER 27.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 4, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

Various—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulg'd. COWPER.

EPITAPHS.

To gratify a pardonable curiosity, I sometimes visit *the field of the Departed.* Now do not imagine I write meditations among the tombs, for I am not possessed of that most perspicacious faculty, "which can find a resemblance between religion and a radish, or draw the fire of devotion out of cucumbers; to which every thorn is the thorn of Glastonbury, and every bush contains a divinity; which can make up the ten commandments into a *nosegay* for the *bosom*, and squeeze morality for a dozen pages out of a green gooseberry." I have other inducements for these visits—to contemplate the variety of Epitaphs. It is perfectly surprizing, that neither glow of genius, ardor of friendship, tears of love, nor remembrance of departed joy, is instrumental in producing more excellence in these compositions. The generality of them is trite, insignificant, and contemptible.—The utility as well as propriety of monumental inscriptions is fully manifested by a few specimens of consummate excellence. That which concludes Gray's Elegy is perhaps among the first. There is a very beautiful one in the Spectator. Another by Garrick, not so generally known, I shall transcribe, as to my perceptions it appears, the last verse especially, a most exquisite performance. It is enough to immortalize a man.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee—turn away,
For HOGARTH's honored dust lies here.

SCHILLER.

Readers of Schiller are sufficiently acquainted with the wild sublimity of his genius. He is sometimes a heavenly visitant, that compassionates the woes of weeping humanity; and sometimes a Spirit of the Storm, that broods over the midnight grandeur of Desolation. He is not only sublime, but in some of his tragedies irresistibly pathetic. The following lines, addressed to him as Author of THE ROBBERS, are by Coleridge. They were written during a tempestuous night immediately after the first perusal of that celebrated performance.

SCHILLER! that hour I should have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark Dungeon of the Tower time rent
That fearful voice, a famished Father's cry—
That in no after moment aught less vast
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black HORROR screamed, and all her *goblin* rout
From the more withering scene diminished past.
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve with finely-frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstacy!

CRITICISM.

Some enraptured Bard has addressed Freemasonry in the following enthusiastic strain.

Hail! Mystic art! Ineffable! Sublime!

Forasmuch, gentle reader, as impetuous enthusiasm hath hurried this Bard into some obscurity in his first line, a commentary seemeth meet to elucidate its inimitable beauties.

1. *Hail!* This word is received in several acceptations. Sometimes it means to congratulate, or to wish a salutation; sometimes a mere formal invocation; but its most obvious meaning, and that, in which it appears to be used in this place, is a globular mass of rainwater in a state of congealation, vulgarly denominated a hailstone. Or, perfectly to express the idea to the weakest apprehension, is means *hail!* I am induced to hazard this conjecture, as this sense exactly agrees with the subsequent expression.

2. *Mystic art!* This obviously refers to the globular concretion. Verily the art, by which hail is formed, is beyond the comprehension of mortals. Human ingenuity cannot frame a thing of such delicate workmanship and beauty. Dost thou not see how it reflects and refracts the seven colors? O colors! ye are more brilliant than the lovely eyes of Naumkeag!

3. *Ineffable!* Much more than mystic. The mystery is so extremely mysterious, that we cannot communicate what we cannot comprehend. Could we have discovered this, had not the kind poet informed us? Impossible.

4. *Sublime!* This crowns perfection. To say it was low or lying on Terra Firma would have been humble, futile, insignificant.

Our enthusiastic Bard had a much higher conception. A sublime hailstone! What an image! We see suspended in air a globe like our earth, around which thunder roars and lightning flashes. It looks down upon this world, and despises the frivolous pursuits of its inhabitants. But I diminish the effect by disjoining the line. Now, patient reader, feel the inimitable beauty, force, and sublimity of the whole, and with the preceding key unlock the treasures of the rest of the performance.

HAIL! MYSTIC ART! INEFFABLE! SUBLIME!

V.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

TO OPHELIA.

Permit an unknown admirer to address you. There is in human nature a mysterious quality, which to some is repulsive, but to others irresistibly attractive; just as the lovely hues of the rainbow, or the lovlier modulations of music, operate differently on congenial and uncongenial minds. This almost nameless quality, or perhaps combination of several qualities, which I imagine I have discovered in your feelings, has so irreversibly prepossessed me in your favor, that I must communicate the cause of that prepossession. As I am perfectly unacquainted with your personal loveliness, which however cannot be inconsiderable, for the soul will vividly beam through external lineaments, as moonbeams pierce the obscurity of midnight, and thus manifest their fountain of glory, the cause must wholly originate in the ingenuous, unassuming, and melancholy tincture of your disposition. I could enumerate the characteristic excellencies of these intellectual beauties; but, as your discernment will give you the liveliest conception, it would be a supefluous though delightful endeavor.

Of myself I shall at present say but little. My bosom heaves with such indistinct, tumultuous, inexpressive emotions; trembling lest this encroachment upon your patience be deemed intrusive or impolite; and fearful of an immediate unqualified repulse; that I am unable to impart my judgment with sufficient propriety. This may be acknowledged, that if congeniality of soul, admiration of virtue, similarity of sentiment, and sympathetic feelings for misfortune, have any influence, I need not sink under the pressure of despondency. But what, you may inquire, is the ultimate design of this communication? My dearest Ophelia, were it in my power, I would explicitly inform you. This however I may sincerely and ingenuously confess, that I am mysteriously attracted—mysteriously attached to you; and this attraction and attachment are perfectly consistent with my character; for this mode of procedure displays something chivalrous, romantic, and removed from the dull formalities of custom. It is something I have long anticipated with avidity. If what I have communicated meet your approbation, condescend to favor me at convenient opportunities with your correspondence in the Visitant; but, if this proposal and the whole confession be revoltiug to your conception of propriety, for the sake of your own feelings and mine let silence evidence your displeasure. Hoping our fate may be happier than that of the unfortunate couple of Denmark, I am, dearest Ophelia, your affectionate

HAMLET.

(SELECTED.)

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"What aileth thee ?"

To what countless sick people might this question be proposed, and yet not one of the number be really ill, in the medical sense of the word. But there exists in some individuals an ill habit of mind, a sickness of the heart, a lameness of spirit, diseases more difficult to cure than cancer, fever, or gout. A good-natured patient, swallowing his physician's prescription, may become free of a sick room, and walk at large with Health's reddest roses blooming on his cheek. But a man of morbid anxiety, fretfulness, ambition, or avarice, will send in vain for the healing drug of the apothecary. His wounds are of so rancourous, festering, incurable a nature, they will demand much time to heal and many medicines to assuage. Though the whole medical society should consult, though Turkey should yield all her poppies, and the *balm of Gilead* trickle from a thousand jars, the cancer of the heart mocks the healing power, and often the fell malady is commensurate with life.

In morning and devious rambles through lonely pasture, or gloomy wood, far from the clink of Industry's anvil, far from the jocund chorus of Music's song, I meet the meagre and moping hypochondriac. His temples do not throb, but they are bound, not with the chaplets of Spring, but with a white handkerchief, the flag of head-ach, and of spleen. The day is genial ; for it is one of the mildest in May ; but doubled and trebled stockings on his legs, thick vests closely buttoned over his bosom, and a ponderous great-coat, enveloping the man, attest the nature and magnitude of his fears. He shivers at a zephyr impregnated with flowers, and when all nature is warm, he dreads taking cold. What a disease, and what stubborn symptoms, which acknowledge no cause ! I have a right to say 'no cause,' for well I know the fate and fortunes of this Splenetic. The first is happy and the other ample. Blest with birth, with talents, with family, with favour, have not I a privilege to enquire of him, with more than common curiosity, *what aileth thee ?* why is thy countenance cast down ? why is thy brilliant spirit troubled ?

What aileth thee ? O selfish bachelor ! Why still immure thyself in the cold prison of celibacy ? Why shun the conversation and the charms of the fair ? Why not abandon the humdrum associate, the solitary pipe, and the lonely chimney-corner, and mingle, like thy fellows in the society of the sex ? Does thy gloomy humour comport with pleasure, comport with interest ? No ; thy joy is sullen, and thy fortune neglected. Arise then, go out, inquire of some fair Rebecca of the land, Wilt thou go with me ? and, be assured, if, like Jacob of old, thou art a patient, kind, and persevering lover, her frank answer will be, like that of her ancient namesake, I will

&c.

SELECTED POETRY.

We have frequently given extracts, of the graver cast, from the poems of SOUTHEY; we shall now pass "*from grave to gay*," and present our readers with some of his lighter productions. The love-sick swain who is continually

> "*Sighing like furnace with a woeful ballad*
> *Made to his mistress' eyebrow*,"

will find himself well *hit off* in the Love Elegies of his cousin Shufflebottom.

THE LOVE ELEGIES OF ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

ELEGY I.

The Poet relates how he obtained Delia's pocket-handkerchief.

'Tis mine! what accents can my joy declare?
Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout!
Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
That left the *tempting corner* hanging out!

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
After long travel to some distant shrine,
When at the relic of his saint he kneels,
For Delia's POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF IS MINE.

When first with *filching fingers* I drew near,
Keen hope shot tremulous through every vein,
And when the *finish'd deed* removed my fear,
Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What though the eighth commandment rose to mind,
It only served a moment's qualm to move,
For thefts like this it could not be design'd,
The eighth commandment WAS NOT MADE FOR LOVE!

Here when she took the macaroons from me,
She wiped her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet;
Dear napkin! yes she wiped her lips in thee!
Lips *sweeter* than the *macaroons* she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Mocabaw
That made my Love so *delicately* sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
SWEET POCRET-HANDKERCHIEF! thy worth profane;
For thou hast touched the *rubies* of my fair,
And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

ELEGY II.

The Poet invokes the Spirits of the Elements to approach Delia. He describes her singing.

Ye SYLPHS who *banquet* on my Delia's blush,
Who on her locks of FLOATING GOLD repose,
Dip in her cheek your GOSSAMERY BRUSH,
And with its bloom of beauty *tinge* THE ROSE.

Hover around her lips on *rainbow wing*,
Load from her honied breath your *viewless* feet,
Bear thence a richer fragrance for the spring,
And make the lily and the violet sweet.

Ye GNOMES, whose toil through many a dateless year
Its nurture to the infant gem supplies,
From central caverns bring your diamonds here,
To *ripen in the* SUN OF DELIA'S EYES.

And ye who bathe in Etna's lava springs,
Spirits of fire! to see my love advance;
Fly, SALAMANDERS, on ASBESTOS wings,
To wanton in my Delia's *fiery* glance.

She weeps, she weeps! her eye with anguish swells,
Some tale of sorrow melts my FEELING GIRL?
NYMPHS! catch the tears, and in your lucid shells
Enclose them, EMBRYOS OF THE ORIENT PEARL.

She sings! the Nightingale with envy hears,
The Cherubim bends from his starry throne,
And motionless are stopt the attentive Spheres,
To hear more heavenly music than their own.

Cease, Delia, cease! for all the angel throng,
Listening to thee, let sleep their golden wires!
Cease, Delia! cease that too surpassing song,
Lest, stung to envy, they should break their lyres.

Cease, ere my senses are to madness driven
By the strong joy! cease, Delia, lest my soul
Enrapt, already THINK ITSELF IN HEAVEN,
And burst my feeble body's frail controul.

[Elegy 3 and 4 in our next.]

MISCELLANY.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

FROM CURRAN'S SPEECHES.

Close of a Speech on Finerty's Trial.

Let me therefore remind you, that though the day may soon come when our ashes shall be scattered before the winds of Heaven, the memory of what you do cannot die; it will carry down to posterity your honor or your shame. In the presence and in the name of the ever living God, I do therefore conjure you to reflect, that you have your characters, that you have also the character, perhaps the ultimate destiny of your country in your hands. In that awful name, I do conjure you to have mercy upon your country and upon yourselves, and so to judge now as you will hereafter be judged; and I now submit the fate of my client, and of that country which we have yet in common, to your disposal.

The following picture of an Informer, *under a corrupt government, has been compared to Milton's description of Sin and Death.*

I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers, with the promise of secresy and extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so ofsen transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this Commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who avowed upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government—from the Castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensa-

tion, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact ?—Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and death, and the supreme arbiter of both ?—Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach ?—Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror ?—How his glance, like the lightning of Heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death ; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent.—There was an antidote—*A Juror's oath*—but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of Eternal Justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from *the informer's mouth* —Conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted Juror, consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.*

Irish Hospitality.

The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convention—in savage nations of the first, in polished of the latter ; but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies, as in other coutries—it springs, like all his qualities, his faults, his virtnes—directly from his heart—The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides—it is tender, and he loves—is is generous, and he gives—it is social, and he is hospitable.

* After the trial of Mr. Orr, a short time before, two of the jurors swore that whiskey was conveyed into the jury room, and a great part of the jury made drunk by it—one deposed that by age and infirmity, and being also threatened and intimidated by one of his fellows, he was induced to concur in the verdict of Guilty, contrary to his opinion.

Dress of the Londoners in the 5th century.

With respect to their dress, the *Sagum*, a kind of cassock of coarse cloth, and amongst the higher orders fastened with a clasp, among the lower with a *thorn*, was common to both sexes ; over which they threw a cloak, frequently made of the skins of beasts, which they had the art of dying in spots. The principal of their women wore linen garments without sleeves, trimmed or interlaced with purple, "and several other colours such as the English Saxons generally use," round their bodies ; their *arms were bare*, and their *bosoms naked.*

This *costume* of our female ancestors seems to have been correctly adopted by their fair descendants in the present times. The dress, or rather *undress*, of the British ladies in general, and those of the metropolis in particular, appears now to be perfectly Saxon : the *Sagum*, though composed of finer materials, is still worn ; the skins of beasts are still thrown over their shoulders ; their arms are as naked, and their lovely bosoms as fully displayed, as they were in the times of Hengist and Horsa. It is as singular as it is certain, that the lapse of thirteen or fourteen centuries should have made so small an alteration in their dress ; or rather that fashion, after having displayed itself in every possible form, should have receded to that from which it originally emanated. *European Magazine.*

BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM.

On Friday last, the sixth anniversary of the *Boston Female Asylum* was celebrated at the Old South Meeting House. Though the weather was unfavourable, the assembly was numerous and respectable; and the different performances highly gratifying. The music both vocal and instrumental was excellent. The anniversary hymn, sung by the orphans, gave great pleasure to the audience. The contribution for the benefit of this most excellent and increasing charity was very liberal, amounting to 311 dollars 54 cents, and one ticket in Harvard College Lottery.

MR. HOLYOKE's CONCERT.

Mr. Holyoke's Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, which has been twice postponed, will be at the new South Meeting House on Thursday next, the performances are to commence at 3 o'clock. The lovers of Harmony may anticipate a rich treat. We hope the industry and exertion of Mr. Holyoke will be amply rewarded.

MARRIED,

At Beverly, Mr. John Appleton, to Miss Sarah P. Williams, daughter of Rev. Elisha Williams.

At Roxbury, Mr. Apollos Field, to Miss Sally Davis.

At Cambridge, by the Rev. Professor Ware, James T. Austin, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Boston, to Miss Catherine Gerry, eldest daughter of the Hon. Elbridge Gerry of the former place.

On the 27th June, at Bowden, New Brunswick, Thomas Darbyshire, of Alfrincham, malster, to Miss Gouden, only daughter of Mr. Joseph Gouden, of the same place, Inn-keeper, after a courtship of a quarter of an hour. The following are the facts attending this shortsighted union :—Mr. Darbyshire and Miss Gouden were two of the attendants at the celebration of the marriage of a relation of Miss Gouden on the 12th June, when (amongst other conversation usual at such times of mirth) Mr. D. said he was desirous of being married, and put the question to Miss. G. whether she would marry with him or not? To which she replied in the affirmative, and that the marriage should take place at nine o'clock the following morning. All the persons present considered the matter merely as a joke. Mr. D. drew up an agreement between him and Miss G. which they both signed in the presence of a number of witnesses. Early the next morning, Mr. D. waited on his fair Desdemona, with the intention of proceeding in the performance of what had been agreed upon the night before; but she having been seized with a cold in the night, requested Mr. D. not to be so urgent about it, alledging that she was afraid she should not be audible in the performance of her part of the marriage ceremony. Mr. D. consented to a respite; the 27th June was fixed upon, and the marriage accordingly celebrated.

DEATHS.

In this town, Mrs. Mary Robie, wife of Thomas Robie, Esq. aged 65. She was the daughter of the third Rev. Simon Bradstreet, who were successively in the ministry, and directly descended from the venerable Simon Bradstreet the last of she Old Charter Governors of Massachusetts. She left a good name, worthy of her family.

Mr. Benjamin Gale, aged 21. Possessed of an amiable temper, and diligent to reward the faithfulness of a mother, he enjoyed the fond affections of our youth, and was noticed by all who knew him as a happy example of that gratitude and duty which are the best reliefs of a mother's care and the best support of her hopes of future usefulness in her children.

Miss Lydia Wakefield, aged 19. Mr. Jonathan Brown, aged 86. Widow Lascelles, aged 72.

At Calcutta, Mr. David Russell, a seaman on board ship Franklin, of Salem.